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THE YOUNG SENATOR.

A SATYRE.

WITH AN

EPISTLE to Mr. *Fielding*, on his Studying the LAW.

Yet ſometimes Nations will deſcend ſo low
From Virtue, which is Reaſon, that no Wrong,
But Juſtice, and ſome fatal Curſe annex'd,
Deprives 'em of their Outward Liberty,
Their Inward loſt. ——

Milton Par. Loſt.

LONDON:

Printed for DAVID JONES in *Fleetſtreet*, M.DCC.XXXVIII.

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THE

YOUNG SENATOR.

A

SATYRE.

WHO wou'd be proud of being made a Tool?
Or labour to be laugh'd at for a Fool?
Or who, to pleaſe a M—r of State,
Wou'd ſet five hundred ſneering at his Prate?

The Smock-fac'd *Senator* behold him come!
Full of his Boyiſh Thoughts of *Greece* and *Rome*;
Full of Encomiums of his Sage *Papa*,
Nor leſs th' indulgent Praiſes of *Mama*.

Penn'd is the Speech — He has it all by Heart,
And, Player-like, is ready for his Part.
Lo! in his Hat the ſtudy'd Harangue lies!
To give the Cue — Precaution ſurely wiſe.
Silent he ſits, nor once defiles the Place
With the light Smile, or the Buffoon Grimace;
So wrapt in Cogitation you may gueſs,
He is the favour'd HE to move th' Addreſs;
Sanguine he ſeems to reach the Gole of Fame,
And add a *Tully* to his Houſe's Name.

The thundring Signal *Cæſar*'s Coming notes,
And brings Confuſion to his brighter Thoughts:
Behold him flutter, and his Looks turn pale!
See! wav'ring Mem'ry too begins to fail!
With Heſitation, in low fault'ring Phraſe,
Unheard, he ſtammers *Carolina*'s Praiſe:
He gives his Language no becoming Grace;
His Hands ſtick faſt — no Meaning in his Face —
All wants Expreſſion — all ſo very flat,
As if his Soul was center'd in his Hat. ——
'Tis utter'd too in ſuch a diſmal Tone,
Sir *Primum*'s ſelf can ſcarce forbear a Groan:

Cloſe

Cloſe but your Eyes a Moment, and you'd ſwear,
Some Holder-forth was at his Ev'ning Pray'r;
So oft he ſtops and pauſes, ſtops and miſſes,
Only St. *Stephen*'s Name cou'd ſave from Hiſſes.

Sir *Primum* ne'ertheleſs the Speech approves;
Cries out, 'tis well, and ſtrait the Queſtion moves:
He nods and ſqueezes — ſays, I'm glad you're choſe —
'Twill ſhew your Parts — 'Twas ſo Sir *William* roſe.
He takes him Home — You dine with me to Day —
At firſt the Honour of his Board's his Pay:
A P——n, or a Place in Petto lies,
And Hope is ſwell'd to future Dignities.

Ye Orators of Old, ſo languid, ſay,
Did you the pointed Rhetorick diſplay?
Thunder'd your Eloquence? or made it ſleep?
The tow'ring Accents, did they ſoar, or creep?
Cou'd *Athens*, or the *Capitol* e'er boaſt
So ſtrange a Thing — *A Speaking Kind of Ghoſt?*
Did you ſo ſpiritleſs drawl out your Speeches?
Or lay your Action fumbling in your Breeches?
Say, did your *Senators* their Laws propound
So Statue-like, with ſuch unmeaning Sound?

Or, did they e'er their awful Function mock
In Toupee Wigg, or Jockey-aping Frock ?

Give me at leaſt a *Senator* in Shew ——
Who of the Antient Sages was a Beau ?
St. *James*'s Street affords the *Paris* Block,
The ſilken Caul, and ample curling Lock ;
Dunning will fit you with the graceful Tye ;
The Senatorial Flow will catch the Eye ;
So you ſhall have of Wiſdom the Sage Mien,
And Bag and Neck-lock Wiggs no more be ſeen ;
No more her Sons the Senate-Houſe Diſgrace,
But henceforth grave full Bottoms ſhall take Place.

I know there are (I need not to be told)
Old Members Young, and ſome Young Members Old ;
Thoſe who are equal to the nice Debate ;
Who can unravel every Wile of State ;
But few can hope a *Lyttleton* to ſhine,
A ſeeming Man, but nearer the Divine ;
A Prodigy of Youth ! and Nature here,
Like Stars, has wander'd from her uſual Sphere.
Wiſdom to Moſt approaches very ſlow,
And long Experience only makes it grow ;

In Him, whom Heav'n has more abundant bleſt
With Genius far ſuperior to the Reſt,
As heretofore did Paradiſe' rich Soil,
It ſprouts ſpontaneous without Time or Toil.

Yet ſee the Folly of our *Britiſh* Rule!
Small Space is 'twixt the *Senate* and the *School*.
All wou'd be *Senators* and *Speakers* too;
But in theſe modern Days of both how Few!
All have Ambition — All aſpire to ſit —
And all are vain enough to think they're fit.
There are who may, while Others *prate* in Hopes,
To the Diſgrace of Figures and of Tropes.
Some again paſs whole Parliaments away,
Wiſely content with ſaying, *Yea* and *Nay*;
Like ſome old *Frenchman*, who in thrice ſev'n Years,
Has learnt enough to ſay, *Your Servante Sairs*.
Some boldly claim — but know, proud Sons of Earth,
All you can claim, is, You may *Vote* by Birth.

Why do you ſay a Poet muſt be born?
And why is writing 'gainſt the Stars your Scorn?
If this known Maxim holds with Writers true,
Holds it not Equal Good with *Speakers* too?

Suppoſe th' Aſſemblage of a Nation's Voice
Be meanly ſully'd with a worthleſs Choice;
Or, grant the *Major* ſhou'd be choſe by Dint
Of what Some call the Wiſdom of the Mint;
Shall They be deem'd for this a Jot more wiſe?
The *Thing*, and not the *Name*, is what I prize:
Call him you may a M—r by this Rule,
But to my clearer Eye He ſhews a Tool:
Sir *Gripeſiſt*'s Way is *Cent. per Cent.* on Notes;
Is not a *Bribe* the ſame *Diſcount* on *Votes*?

The *Senator* is HE, and only HE,
Who fierce diſdains to bend the ſervile Knee;
Spurns the ſly Tempter; Sacred is his Truſt;
Nobly is Independent; dares be Juſt;
Reſiſts the *Satan* in each wily Fold,
Nor proſtrate falls before the *Idol-Gold*.
He ſhou'd be born a Lover of his Kind,
Joyn'd to an Active and Capacious Mind;
His Tongue ſtill ready in the warm Debate
T' expoſe each various Subterfuge of State;
Harangue unweary'd 'gainſt oppreſſive Laws;
On no Condition give up Freedom's Cauſe;

Scorn to be Brow-beat out of what is right ;
Set Honeſt Courage 'gainſt enſlaving Might ;
With Virtue, tho' alone, He ſhou'd oppoſe,
As *Curtius* ſtood againſt a Hoſt of Foes.

There will be Bunglers, true, in ev'ry Art,
And very Few can act the able Part.
Daily how Man miſtakes himſelf we ſee ;
How rare his Talents with his Poſt agree :
Some at the Bar in vain attempt to ſhine,
Who with aſſur'd Applauſe might meaſure Wine ;
Some miſs their Hopes of *Boerhave*'s Learned Name,
Who by Sheep-killing might have got great Fame ;
Others in Pulpits doze away for Lawn,
Who ſeem more ſuited to take in a Pawn ;
Others again ſhall repreſent for Nations,
Who'd make at beſt but May'rs of Corporations.

Truſt me, in ev'ry Bus'neſs it requires,
If you'd excel, ſtrong Parts, and ſtrong Deſires.
Whate'er intended for, examine ſtill
How worthily you cou'd your Station fill.
By what Criterion wou'd you know when fit,
Or in the Lobby, or the Houſe to ſit ;

Be this your Guide, be this the ſureſt Teſt,
What ſuits your Genius, ſuits your Glory beſt;
By that alone to future Fame you'll riſe;
For Cyphers, Court or Country, all deſpiſe:
Who wou'd not rather be a Cit of Note,
Than be a M—r merely but to *Vote*?
Some are for One Thing, ſome for Others fit;
Some Things are better ſpoken, Others writ;
Sometimes who writes can't ſpeak, who ſpeaks can't write;
Seldom in One theſe Qualities unite;
More ſeldom ſtill they joyn an upright Heart,
And where they do, 'tis His the Patriot's Part:
Or Triflers, or brib'd Orators the Reſt,
Deteſted *Theſe*, and *Thoſe* the publick Jeſt.

In ev'ry Age of Orators how few!
Say, why ſo ſcarce? Is th' Obſervation true?
All Animals of greateſt Uſe, we find,
Moſt fruitful in producing of their Kind;
Whereas the noxious Part o' th' Species, 'tis agreed,
But barely multiply t' uphold their Breed:
Thus with the fertile Rabbit, it ſhall bear,
And have well nigh *Six Labours* in a Year;

Not ſo the Lioneſs, once paſt her Hour,
She loſes of Conception further Pow'r.

The Queſtion then remains, if He whoſe Tongue
Has all th' Allurements of the *Syren* Song,
Is yet more uſeful to a Common-weal
Than dang'rous with ſuch Talents to excel:
An Orator, if brib'd, howe'er He ſhine,
To Me is like adulterated Wine;
It poiſons where you hope to ſoften Care;
It murders you before you are aware:
All Pow'r is fatal, ſtretch'd to lawleſs Might;
All Orat'ry is ſo that's not upright.
Give me, then, 'ſtead of *venal Eloquence*,
Dumbneſs, with *uncorrupted common Senſe*.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

MR. FIELDING,

ON

His Studying the LAW.

Quî fit Mæcenas, ut Nemo quam ſibi Sortem,
Seu Ratio dederit, ſeu Fors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat? ——

HOR.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year M.DCC.XXXVIII.

HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

AN EPISTLE

AN

EPISTLE

TO

MR. FIELDING,

ON

His Studying the LAW.

OR who the Writer? or whence comes th' Addreſs?
Among the Many, *Fielding* ſcarce will gueſs;
Nor ſcarce it matters if you know the Bard;
His Pleaſure is, He writes not for Reward.

Is there aught ſtrange in theſe fantaſtick Days?
Quakers turn Parſons, Parſons ſpout forth Plays:

Players turn Saints by Act of Toleration,
And Saints beat Hemp, as Martyrs to the Nation:
Soldiers turn Pimps, and Pimps They riſe to Place;
Coblers learn Law, and Lawyers thoro' Baſs:
Driv'lers turn Plenipo's, and Plenipo's
Go ſtroling 'bout the World to *teize* Repoſe:
Tories turn Whigs, and Whigs, when out of Place,
Are th' only Whigs endow'd with Patriot Grace:
Lords turn Directors, and Directors K—ves,
The World turns mad, and a mad World turns Sl—ves:
The ruin'd Gin-Man has it in his Choice
To take what Trade he liſts by publick Voice;
Such is the Latitude, and ſuch the Flaw,
Like his Great Neighbours, He may r—b by Law:
Thus Thou abandon'ſt too the crampt up Stage,
And more enriching Studies now Engage:
Methinks, I ſee thy Satyre turn'd from Courts,
And thy gay Muſe deep bury'd in Reports.
King *John* no more provokes thy dreaded Rage,
Deſpis'd for *Magna Charta*'s Sacred Page:
Th' unwieldy Law employs thy vaſter Mind;
The Subject Act where Treaſon is defin'd;
The *Habeas Corpus*, and the *Bill of Rights*
Are now preferr'd to paſt Poetick Flights.

Well

Well judg'd Election! ſtarce the Sacred Nine
Shall henceforth yield their Sons wherewith to dine;
Wiſely Thou leav'ſt the Great to blunder on,
And live by Law, 'gainſt which cou'd not be done.
While Others feel the drowſy Pow'r of *Coke*,
Thy Antidote ſhall be ſome well-tim'd Joke;
And what to ſome ſhall ſeem *Herculean* Pain,
Shall only be th' Amuſement of thy Brain.

Canſt thou behold the Statutes monſtrous Size,
And feel no ludicrous Emotion riſe?
Canſt thou look forward to a Hundred Year,
Compute their Growth, and yet the Smile forbear?
Canſt thou withold, to ſee our Sages weighty,
Scarce know the Names of half of 'em at Eighty?
Repeal'd are ſome, the Reſt They dormant lie,
As Daggers hanging o'er Poſterity,
Or Crocodiles, who ſleep in Mud, but do not die.
Say, if they're made, ſcarce hoping to be read,
Will not *waſte Paper* come into thy Head?
So moulder *Recipes* on pendent Files;
And ſo in *Autumn* Windfalls rot in Piles.

Not ſo above, the Ruler of the Sky
Has each created Orb before his Eye;
Nor ceaſe the Orbs their *Uſe*, tho' Figures fail,
And *Algebra* is loſt i' th' vaſt Detail.

Accept the Hearty *Wiſh*, nor take it ill,
Plainneſs is Elegance with pure Good Will.
O! may the plural Fee ſo fertile riſe,
Briareus' Hands to take ſhall ſcarce ſuffice:
May the vaſt Toil be paid with vaſt Reward;
May Furry Honours crown the Muſe-loſt Bard:
May to the *Orator* the *Member* follow,
And yield at laſt a *Talbot* from *Apollo*.

Reverſe to me — The Law is not my Taſte,
And all my Labour wou'd be Labour waſte:
The dry unpleaſing Study I abhor,
Nor ſhou'd I love it, tho' a Chancellor.

What New Vocation ſhall I then embrace?
(For I too mourn the Stage's late Diſgrace)
I' th' Miniſterial Warfare ſhall I draw
The venal Quill, and ſide with Pow'r and Law?

Or

Or ſhall I libel *W—le* in Lampoons ?
Or hunt him down by Dint of Ballad Tunes ?
For *This* unable, and to *That* averſe,
Reſolve I muſt to ſteer ſome Other Courſe ;
I'll venture Once on Better or for Worſe,
And take ſome Widow with a Good Long Purſe.

F I N I S.

Epigrammatical Poſtſcript on Standing Armies.

WHilom, They ſtartled at the Name, *Red Coat*,
And well 'twas Canvaſs'd e'er it paſs'd the Vote;
But now, ye *Orators*, you talk in vain
'Gainſt Standing Armies to the pen—d Train;
Harden'd to th' *Annual Argument* become,
As Horſes are inur'd to Gun and Drum:
We with more Virtue, but the Juſt deſpair,
'Tis even paſt the Pow'r of *Common Pray'r*.

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